

Title: Diary, Alphons Sorell

Author: Alphons Sorell

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After purchasing a few necessary supplies from the friendly provisioner, George, I set on the road leading south from the settlement's edge. Life in the mines was stable and safe, but it was not for me. Time had come for Alphons Sorell to see a little more of the world.

\*a stain decorates the page here\* Cursed creatures! Two screeching mongrels leapt upon me from the bushes. One can only wonder what has given birth to these ape-like critters with wings. I managed to dispatch them both, suffering only fright from their sudden appearance. I never thought I was so handy with the dagger.  
Note: test the daggerplay some more later on, may bring profit, in gold or otherwise.

Second day of journey.

After a night spent on the riverside, I approached the City of Bridges, prosperous Vesper. There was a large collection of history available in a building near vespger. All the great names of our known history are penned there, Lord British, Lord Blackthorn, Minax and of course the cursed Mondain. Stopped by the central Vesper... such outlandish wares they have here. Color brighter than sun itself, and the creatures! Marvels indeed,

and I presume they will  
not end here.

Proceeding to make a  
short stroll around the  
woodlands of Vesper.  
There is this feeling  
about the forest, that it  
is not entirely... right. It  
all became rather clear  
to me as I approached  
what appeared to be a  
circle of stones,  
surrounding a shifting  
shape of a doorway.

Fascinating, that such can  
be done. Regardless of  
the rumors I have heard  
and the occasional visit  
from a magus-smith, I  
have little knowledge of  
the supernatural.

The animals of the woods  
scuttle by and around the  
doorway, not alarmed at  
all by its presence.

Animals are a good  
indicator of danger when  
it comes to things like  
this. They have some  
inborn ability to sense  
danger, in whichever form  
it may appear. Note:  
animals, after all, are  
animals and one must use  
good judgement in  
interpreting the animal's  
reactions.

A few travellers ran to  
and from the doorway.  
Apparently it is safe. I  
have the courage to  
approach and touch the  
doorway now. Such  
potent form of travel,  
though it would be rather  
expensive to create such  
devices, or so I guess. I  
approach the gate.

\*the paper here appears  
to be torn and rendered,  
with the next few pages  
missing\*

I do not know what day  
it is, or the time. The  
sky here in this  
nightmare landscape is  
dominated by a perpetual

gloom and the air seems  
to stand still. When I  
touched the portal, it  
suckered me in and I was  
thrown in a corridor of  
whirling images, of places  
that are, apparently,  
connected to the  
gateway-network. The  
raging wind threw me like  
a rag-doll and I found  
myself here, lying against  
a mushroom the size of  
my own chest, growing  
out of a charred ground,  
next to a tree that  
should have no right to  
exist as it did, as a  
corpse-form of what  
trees as I know are. I  
can see a settlement  
from where I am now,  
but I dare not venture  
there. I see a forest  
outside the settlement. I  
will try to escape this  
horror there.